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## THE MENACE OF THE MOVIES.

**F**OLLOWING The Evening World's exposures of the evil influence of sensational moving pictures upon the children of this city the attention of the authorities and of the public is concentrating upon the dangers that lurk in this enticing form of cheap amusement. The Fire Prevention Bureau, awakened to its narrower responsibilities in the matter, sent an inspector on a tour of the "movies" Sunday evening to observe violations of the standing law which block exits and endanger lives in case of fire or panic. Only five cases of serious violation were reported. The other theatre managers had been warned by publicity.

The Fire Department can enforce measures to safeguard audiences in the moving picture places, but it naturally has no concern with the nature of the pictures shown. The lurid scenes of blood and cruelty, the contempt for order and authority, the fun-making that makes light of drunkenness, gambling and worse, offered in many of these films to the eyes and minds of boys and girls of ten or twelve, this newspaper has described in detail. The law which forbids selling tickets to children under sixteen unaccompanied by parent or guardian is easily evaded. Some of these moving picture theatres even employ men and women to stand about the box-office and obligingly hand in the nickels of children who come alone. That these places are a prime cause of truancy, unruliness and even crime among the youth of the city has been amply proven.

Nor do the evils of these theatres stop with the pictures. The cheap excitement of the amusement offered brings men and women of low instincts into the audiences. Only two days ago Magistrate McQuade, in the Men's Night Court, holding in \$500 bail a man accused of insulting a six-year-old girl who sat beside him at a moving picture show, declared:

"The five-cent moving picture houses in this city are a disgrace and a menace to the community. No female, whether she be four years old or forty years old, is safe in them. Cases of this sort are occurring daily, and it is about time that something was done to prevent them."

Obviously the nature of these shows has much to do with the kind of older people who frequent them. There is no reason why a moving picture theatre should not offer a good five-cent entertainment—amusing, interesting, even thrilling—that shall be clean and free from coarse brutality; nor is there any reason why safe, sanitary, decent surroundings should not be enforced. This city has allowed its moving picture shows to sink steadily lower and lower until they pander to depraved tastes and furnish lounging places for the scum of the city.

It is time for the churches of New York to ally themselves in a campaign against this evil. Let pulpits and children's societies note the conditions and organize to deliver boys and girls of this city from a new and particularly insidious danger.

Publicity can do much. Public sentiment is getting ready to do battle against harmful "movies." The churches should fight in the front rank.

That early bird, the Austrian Emperor, who used to rise at 4 o'clock every morning, is now reported to be turning out regularly at 3.30. Fat worms to the South and Eastward.

## MAKE IT HEARD.

**T**OMORROW (Wednesday), at 1 P. M., the Aldermanic committee investigating taxicabs will hold a public hearing at City Hall. Shall it be a hearing only for taxicab company lawyers and grafting hotel men eager to preserve private stands and exorbitant rates? Or shall the demand of the New York public for a new order of safe, cheap, accessible taxicabs, with equal rights and equal standards, be heard—and prevail? With the Ten Taxicab Tests as a declaration of rights, let the man who believes the taxicab should be a popular convenience and not a luxury and a collector of graft, go before the Aldermen and make this a real hearing, a final hearing that shall put a stop to vacillation and delay.

Prof. Moore says "The New York City Board of Education is composed of forty-six well meaning Christian men—but it is unwieldy." Good-intention paving material, so to speak.

## Letters From the People

## A Button Grievance.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to protest against the way buttons are so often put on clothes we buy from the stores or tailors. No matter how much is paid for a garment the buttons often have to be reworked or else they'll fall off. Can't the tailor take time to sew the buttons on as they will stay? The purchaser hasn't always the time. Some law ought to be put in effect about it. What do other readers say?

## As to "Christmas Santa."

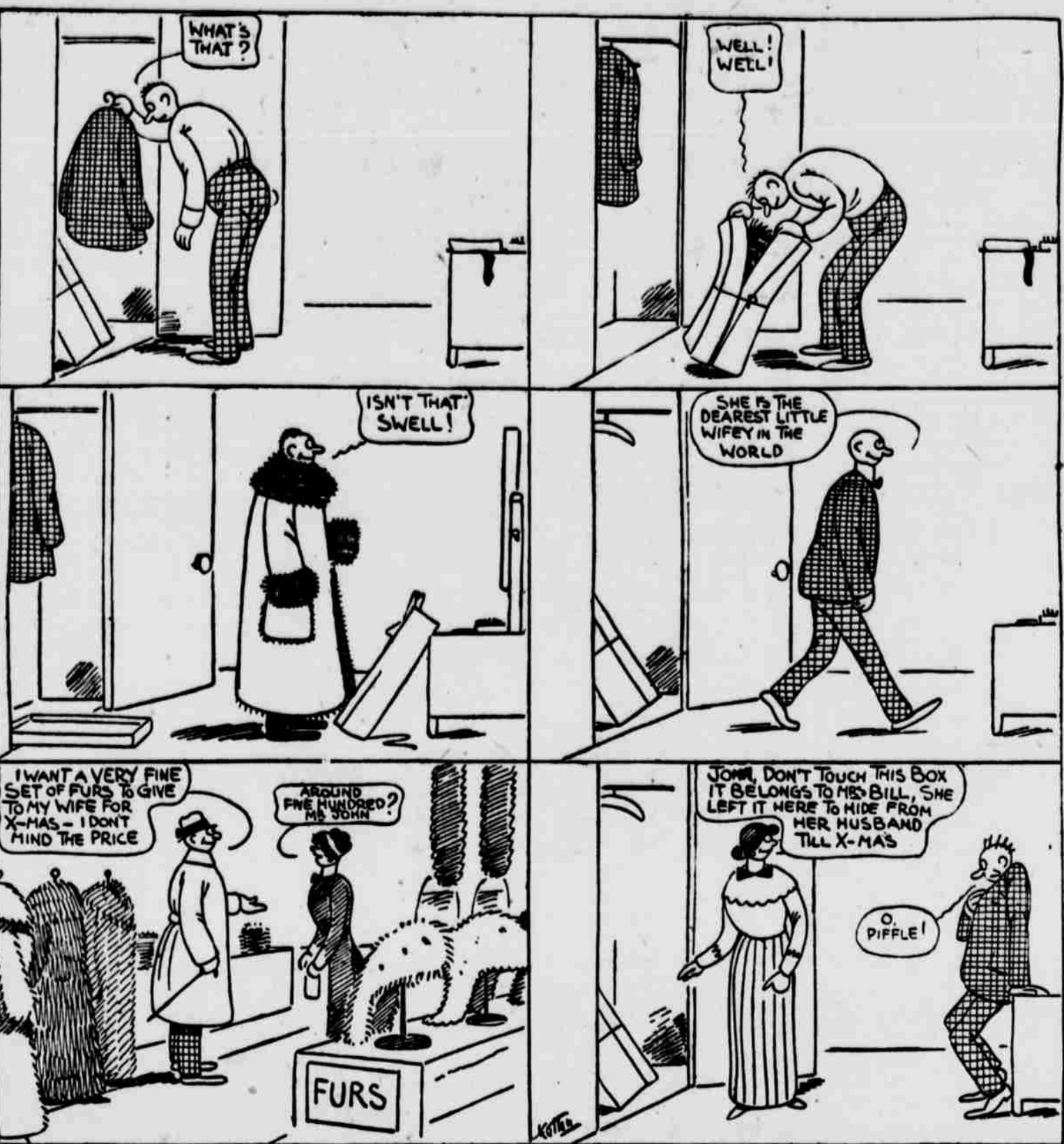
To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to "A Plea for Christmas Santa." In regard to your correspondent's criticism on Christmas tips none of the recipients has ever compelled any one to give up money at Christmas or at any other time. The correspondent accuses the public at large of being cowardly rather than generous in giving tips. I do not agree with him. I am an employer who has always given Christmas tips and have never regarded it as "cowardly."

## Can You Beat It?

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. The New York Evening World.

By Maurice Ketten



## The Jarr Family

By Eugene Geary

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"MRS. STRYVER wants me to be sure and come over this afternoon," said Mrs. Jarr at the breakfast table, "and Clara Mudridge-Smith are forming a Spug."

"Knit two, drop three, overcast, purl, knit four, make up the edges, drop three, knit four, overcast, drop two, knit eight—Sounds like football, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Jarr gave Mr. Jarr a fixed and staring stare as he uttered these cabalistic words.

"What ARE you talking about, anyway?" she snapped.

"But forming a Spug," said Mr. Jarr. "It's something in the knitted goods line, isn't it? Oh, I read the Knitting Column in The Perfect Lady's Magazine. And I read the chess columns in the Sunday Dodo. White to win in eight moves, to black's stalemate. Ah, what a fund of useful information one can gain by a general scheme of comprehensive reading!"

"Sometimes I think you are not mentally competent, and sometimes I think it is simply an outbreak of Married Man's Malignant Animal Magnetism," retorted Mrs. Jarr. "Again I ask you, what ARE you talking about?"

"Now, don't be rude, my dear," said Mr. Jarr, calmly. "When I do not comprehend your remarks I just sort of

## Mrs. Jarr's Going to Become a Spug! You Know About Spugs, Don't You?

are to a mother that makes a mother love them! But Mrs. Stryver and Clara Mudridge-Smith are very enthusiastic, not only in the Spug, but in eugenics and scientific mental and physical development of children."

"Yes," ventured Mrs. Jarr, "but THEY haven't any children, have they?"

"But Mrs. Oliver Belmont has!" replied Mrs. Jarr quickly.

Then she lowered her tone: "She's a grandmother. Grandmother to the Duchess of Marlborough's children. And THEY were raised by competent nursery governesses and trained to be dukes and duchesses some day!"

"There you see! Our children might be the same!" said Mr. Jarr. "But

alas, they were not reared by hired help in the Stately Homes of England. We brought them up ourselves in a Harlem flat. And while they are cute little ducks they'll never be dukes!"

"Well, you can make fun all you like. But as Mrs. Stryver says, it's a healthy sign when women of uncertain social standing take up the arduous task of ethnological uplift. And I will say for Mrs. Oliver Belmont that she did look grand, leading her division in the Suffragette parade! Besides, she's doing all this just for her desire for the betterment of social conditions. You shouldn't sneer at society people. A lot of them are doing useful work in the world. Mrs. Stryver says."

"That's grand!" said Mr. Jarr heartily. "Who knows but the day is at hand when if Gertrude again threatens to leave us, we can give her the laugh and say 'Go your way, girl! A noted society leader, interested in the ethical and domestic betterment of the middle classes, stands ready to step in and do our general housework for us, free of charge.'"

"It's when you talk like that I get so angry!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Why should you sneer at society people when they do try to be of benefit to the masses? Would you have them do nothing useful?"

"They can be as useful as they like, so far as I am concerned," answered Mr. Jarr. "In fact, I'm for that. I think Frederick Townsend Martin, society and cotton leader, is all right, all right. He says he does a good deed every day. I'm going to drop in on him and borrow \$20 as a Christmas money."

"He won't give it to you," retorted Mrs. Jarr. "He's a Spug, a member of the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving."

"How then can he do a good deed every day?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Well, go on to your Spug meeting and tell me about it when I come home."

## Exit the Cow.

By Eugene Geary.

(A company has been organized in Milwaukee to manufacture milk from hay.—Daily paper.)

In quaint Philadelphia, where swiftness is rare, The Schuykill contributes a generous share.

These barbarous methods will soon pass away. They are now making milk in Milwaukee from hay.

All hail to Milwaukee! From sidewalk to dome She springs, Aphrodite-like, up from the foam.

If beer made her famous—a burg of renown—Milk will add an additional gem to her crown.

The fluid that, too, human kindness denotes Will henceforth be for orators, dreamers and "poets."

The juice of the cocoanut's also passed—They are now making milk in Milwaukee from hay.

## Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

BY HELEN ROWLAND

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ALL Christmas! For now approaches the season of peace after which we shall all go to pieces.

Any man prefers a sweet lie to the bitter truth from the lips of a woman.

It is easier to find a pet moth in a fur shop than a man who starts into a love affair with matrimonial intentions; but then no man takes his first glass of wine with the intention of becoming intoxicated.

The love-making of an artistic flirt affects a girl like a cocktail; it may be a little hard to swallow at first, but it soon makes her head whirl delightfully and puts her into a condition to believe almost anything.

A man never will understand why a woman alights from a street car backward, begins a novel at the last chapter, tells a story from the wrong end and signs a check upside down—but somehow he hasn't much use for her if she never does any of these things.

Fear of publicity and not the wedding certificate is the tie that binds many a husband and wife together.

Never marry a widower fancying you can make him happier than he was before, because no man will ever acknowledge that the woman he chose for his first wife was anything less than an angel and a Venus combined.

A man's heart is like the weather. And it is no use flattering yourself, because it is warm and sunny this evening, that it won't be freezing to-morrow morning.

To marry a widower one must be a philosopher; to marry a cynical bachelor one must be a stola.

## The Conquests Of Constance

THE FLORIST (SWITCHBOARD OPERATOR AT THE HOTEL RICH) By Alma Woodward

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"I HAD the best time last night!" exclaimed Constance. "My girl friend's brother gave a stag supper"

an' later on, sentimental on purpose. I dropped in to see her an' it wasn't stag no more! Gee! I think that's the first time I've been a place where there was fullers gear to waste—it was really elegant!"

"Find anything that looked like ly?" I inquired tersely.

"Well, she chewed the tip of her pencil. It's a little early to say definite. He's got to call Friday. An' I got SOME wrappin's to spring on him!"

"Where did you get them?" I inquired sternly. "You never said a word to me about them."

"Oh, they're not your kind. You'd like the life out of me if you seen 'em, but they're the stuff to make a hit in the bunch I travel with. This one is a real bright color, American Beauty rose, with a dash of orange juice; an' it's out real high waist an' it's got a suspicion of a top part in the front, but it's entirely a matter of imagination, in the back; an' even if I do say it myself, I must acknowledge that I look SOME handsome in that drap!"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that it's split up a little on the left front seam. Ma didn't have no more sewin' silk to match it; ran out on the machine stitching 'er 'sue eight inches or so from the bottom an' she was real distressed an' she was goin' to throw my raincoat over her wrapper an' beat it 'round the corner for some more, when I jus' come in, an' I told her it was the latest style; an' so I took a beautiful spangled butterfly what used to be on a swell hat someone willed me, an' I fastened it right above the opening. An' say, when my little tootsies begin to play hide-and-seek with that butterfly, it's goin' to make SOME hit with that feller!"

"My! You're sure of yourself!" I reproved her. "Will you please lead your mind back a few months and give me the pedigree of the next victim?"

"Oh, sure! Anything to 'commemorate,' she sighed with unusual solemnity. "I was a florist. I used to think in the beginning maybe he was a exiled Greek prince—He had such a MERRY WIDOW mustache an' adorable eyes—Heavenly, they was! Well, say, when I first got onto him I had flowers to wear like I was related to a millionaire. Orchids an' violets an' lilies 'us the valley! Why, I got so used to 'em, that I'd let people squash right against 'em in the subway 'thout raisin' a row."

"I made a fierce hit with 'em down in

"Well, when I come in, I could see he was awed excited. He was rushing around, shirrin' his hair up in his fingers an' everything. An' just as I come through the door, he makes a wild dive at me an' tears these flowers off'n me, smashes 'em down on something he had on the counter an' sends the boy shootin' through the door with it."

"An' then he come up an' almost hugs me an' says I saved his life. An' it turns out that he got a rush funeral order—a fifty dollar one—an' he had a vacant spot in it an' nothin' to fill it with. So he nabbed my decoration! My flowers for a—er TUE!"

"Why, say, I couldn't choked him, I was that wrought up! An' when he come whinin' 'bout it, an' wagin' to shove a lot of old red carnations on me instead, I jus' gave him the grand rase!"

**A Handful of Odd Facts.**  
 A WOMAN has been arrested in Denver for smoking a cigarette in a public thoroughfare.

Compared with 1862 the Great Eastern railway runs ten times the number of trains to-day.

A total of \$4,000,000 in prizes was awarded at various horse shows in the United States and Canada last year.

But two-hundredths of an inch of rain was measured at Greenwich observatory in England in April, making it the driest month recorded in a century.

The bank note washing machine which has been in operation at Washington for a short time has a capacity of 20,000 to 35,000 pieces in an eight-hour day.

## Swat the Fly!

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By Flora Sheffield

